The first part of the Marchants Daughter of Bristow.

To the tune of, The Maydens ioy.

BEhold the touchstone of true loue,
Maudlin the Marchants daughter of Bristow towne
Whose firme affection nothing could mouer
Such fauour bares the louely browne,
¶ A gallant Youth was dwelling by, (goodwill:
Which many yeares had borne this Mayden great
She loued him as faythfully,
But Mher friendes withstood it still.
¶ The Youngman now perceiuing well,
He could not get nor win the fauour of her friendes:
The force of sorrowes to expell,
To view strange Countries he intendes.
¶ And now to take his last farewell,
Of his true loue, his faire and constant Maudline
With Musicke sweete that did excell,
He playes vnder her window fine.
¶ Farewell quoth he, my owne true loue,
Farewell my deare & cheefest treasure of my harte
Through fortunes spight that false did proue,
I am inforc'd from thee to part,
¶ Into the land of Italy,
There will I waste and weare out my dayes in woe:
Seeing my true loue is kept from me,
I hold my life a mortall foe.
¶ Faire Bristow towne therefore adue,
For Padua must be my habitation now:
Although my Loue doth lodge in thee,
To whom alone my hart I vow.
¶ With trickling teares thus did he sing,
With sighes and sobs descending from his hart ful sore
He sayth, when he his hands did wring,
Farewell sweete loue for euermore.
¶ Faire Maudlin from a window hie,
Beholdes her true loue with his musicke where he stood
But not a word she durst reply,
Fearing her parents angry mood.
¶ In teares he spendes the dolefull night,
wishing her selfe (though naked) with her faithful friend
She blames her friendes and fortunes spight,
That wrought their loues such luckles end.
¶ And in her hart she makes a vow,
Cleane to forsake her country and her kinsfolke all,
And for to follow her true loue now,
To bide all chaunces that might fall.
¶ The night is gone, and the day is come,
And in the morning very early doth she arise:
She gets her downe to the lower roome,
where sundry Seamen she espies,
¶ A gallant Maister among them all,
The Maister of a faire and goodly Ship was he
Which there stood waighting in the hall,
To speake with her father if it might be.
¶ She kindly takes him by the hand,
Good sir she sayd, and would you speake with any heere?
Quoth he faire Mayde therefore I stand.
Then gentle sir, I pray you come neere.
¶ Into a pleasant Parlour by,
With hand in hand she bringes this Seaman all alone:
Sighing to him most pitteously,
She thus to him did make her mone.
¶ She falles vpon her tender knee,
Good sir she sayd, now pitty you a Maydens woe
And proue a faythfull friend to me
That I to you my griefe may shew.
¶ Sith you repose such trust, he sayd,
To me that am vnknowne, and eke a stranger heere;
Be you assured proper Mayde,
Most faythfull still I will appeare.
¶ I haue a brother sir quoth she,
Whomas my life I loue and fauour tenderly:
In Padua alas is he,
Full sicke God wot, and like to die.
¶ And faine I would my brother see,
But that my father will not yeeld to let me goe.
Therefore good sir be good to me,
And vnto me this fauour show.
¶ Some Ship-boyes garments bring to me,
That I disguisd may goe away from hence vnknowne
And vnto Sea Ile goe with thee,
If thus much friendship may be showne.
¶ Faire Mayde quoth he take here my hand,
I will fulfill each thing that now you desire:
And let you safe in that same Land,
and in the place where you require.
¶ Then giues she him a tender kisse,
And sayth, your seruant (gallant Maister) I will bee
And proue your faythfull friend for this:
Sweete Maister then forget not me.
¶ This done, as they had both decreed,
Soone after, early, euen before the breake of daye
He bringes her garments then with speed,
Wherein she doth her selfe array.
¶ And ere her father did arise,
She meetes her Maister as he walked in the hall:
She did attend on him likewise,
Euen till her father did him call.
¶ But ere the Marchant made an end,
Of all those matters to the Maister he could saye:
His wife came weeping in with speed,
Saying, our Daughter is gone away.
¶ The Marchant much amazed in minde,
Vnder wilde wretch entic'd away my child quoth hee
But well I wot I shall him finde
at Padua in Italie.
¶ With that bespake the Maister braue,
Worshipfull Marchant thither goes this pretty youth:
And any thing that you would haue,
He will performe it and vnto the trueth.
¶ Sweete youth quoth he, if it be so,
Beare me a letter to the English Marchants there,
and gold on thee I will bestow:
My Daughters welfare I do feare.
¶ Her Mother takes her by the hand,
Faire youth quoth she, if there thou dost my daughter see
Let me thereof I pray vnderstand,
and there is twenty Crownes for thee.
¶ Thus through the Daughters strange disguise,
The Mother knew not when she spake vnto her child:
And after her Maister straight she hies,
Taking her leaue with countenance milde.
¶ Thus to the Sea faire Maudlin is gone,
With her gentle Maister, God send them a merry wind
Where we a while must leaue them alone,
Till you the second part do find.

FINIS.